

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, November 20, 1899

Beinn Bhreagh, Victoria County, Cape Breton, N.S. November 20. 1899. Alexander, my dear,

I am in for another speculation! Don't you think it is time you came home to look after your wife? I do on more than the grounds, At least least I would be glad to have you think so, and come . . . I want to see you very much I think that you have been gone quite long enough. I wonder if you have any idea of how much I always miss you when you go away from me. Well but about this speculation. It 's the copper clay. I really can't stand by and see the thing given away to some stranger. I don't know of course that the clay is very plentiful, or very valuable, but at all events the place is one of the prettiest any where around, and I am sure would some time or other be wanted as a residence site. Well I sent Daisy Lina and Mr McInnis this afternoon to get me some more of the copper clay.

Frank had told me that the place where he found the clay when we were with him wasn't the right place, so the party this afternoon went prospecting. First they went in a direction where I understood Frank to tell me more could be found, but found none. Then they went to another part of the place and found any quantity. They brought home as much as Mr McInnis could carry in a sack, and the clay is shock full of the yellow metal, whatever it may be. Thee yellow stuff comes off on your fingers just like grains of gold such as they have for gilding. The stuff is all in grain that way. no solid blocks, but there are big streaks of it all through the clay. Some of our pieces have as much as two square inches of the stuff spread out like gilding. The n , the clay itself seems very good, fine and pretty. We have been trying to fire it in the open fire, and it comes out such a pretty color, and of such fine grain. The great trouble is that we can't find out how to make an oven. The directory only speaks of brick ovens, and we have none. Daisy began this morning her work at the

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laboratory. with wireless telegraphy. I must stop now the mail awaits. Much love. Daisy's lecture was a howling success.

Lovingly as ever, yours Mabel